

THE
Cupboard D O O R open'd;

O.R.

Joyful N E W S

F O R

Apprentices and Servant
Maids.

B E I N G A

Merry DIALOGUE that passed between a
Master and Mistress concerning lock-
ing the Cup-board Door.



Printed and Sold in Aldermary Church Yard London



A
DIALOGUE, &c.
 HUSBAND.

H EY Day ! What's to do ? the Cup-board Door
 Lock'd up ! What Madam, must we eat no more ?
 Why how now, Mrs. Wife, who is it puts,
 This bar between my Victuals and my Guts ?
 Boys, split the Door : Why sure, my saving honey,
 You don't take beef, bread and cheese for money.

W I F E.

Don't be so hasty, love I mean no hurt,
 Here take the Key, 'tis but their asking for't :
 Did you but see the Waste those Gluttons make,
 You'd command me for the care I take,

That slouching rogue that laughs at what you say,
 Had he his will, would eat, ten times a day;
 That thin jaw'd hound too, had he but his mine,
 For all his looks, would not be far behind,
 Victuals, I'll swear is ill bestow'd upon,
 That sneaking Whelp, that rawbone Skeleton;
 Were he to eat as much as half a Dozen,
 The ill-got Lout would still look starv'd and frozen.

H U S B A N D.

Therefore it shan't be said, I keep them poor
 And thin, because, you lock my Cup-board Door,
 I'll have no Smith's Embargo on my Food,
 Eat boys as often as yourself seem good,
 Let them have change of mutton, beef, and pork,
 Do you take care they feed, I'll make them work
 My Servants shall to no Relations creep,
 And their complain of what a house I keep,
 Tell 'em their stingy Mistress bears the rule,
 And cry because they ha'nt a belly full,
 Let me have no such doings I command,
 I scorn to give the Wife the upper hand,
 I'm master here, mind your Maids concerns,
 No boy of mine shall want the food he earns.

W I F E.

Lord! Love, you cannot think what they do
 vour;
 I vow and swear the're cramming every hour,
 Saw you how oft they to the Cup-board run,
 You'd think they'd eat you out of house and home,
 One gobbles down two pound of bread and cheese,
 When almost burst, to the Vault he runs for ease,
 From thence unbutton'd in a trice,
 And stuffs his empty guts with t'other Slice,
 No sooner is that wide mouth glutted gone,
 But t'other thin jaw'd cormorant comes down.

And he, forsooth no Cheshire cheese can eat,
 His dainty chops must break his fast with meat,
 Then out he pulls his knife, and off he cuts,
 A pound of beef for his insatiate guts,
 Which his strait gullet swallows down so fast,
 As if he meant each bit should prove his last;
 For in that moment fairly he'd devour.
 More than would last a hungry dog an hour,
 Straining with mouthfuls so profusely great,
 You'd think him choak'd with ev'ry bit he eat.
 Thus all day long like buckets in a well
 They take their turns to empty and to fill;
 And, is it fit, d'ye think, such gluttons as these,
 Should search and range the Cup-board when they
 please,

H U S B A N D.

Yes, yes, much good may do them with their meat,
 I never care how fast my servants eat.
 Speedy at Victuals, quick at work, an old
 Proverbial saying, we have oft been told,
 I've found it true, and therefore do not grudge,
 Their eating nimble tho' 'tis e'er so much
 I'll warrent you'd have them loyter at meals,
 Piddle like mice and crawl about like snails,
 Feed like sick patients dieted by Quacks.
 And look like hide bound Tits that carry packs:
 Work too, like those that raise the wooden walls,
 Of the Kings Ship, or lazy Rogues in Pauls.
 No, no, my master's method I'll pursue,
 That feeds them well, and make 'em work so too,
 For he that flints his servants in their food,
 Makes the bad worse and irritates the good;
 That what he thinks he saves, they cast away,
 And make their pinch-gut money pay.

W I F E.

Do as you please, my dear, But I'm sure,
 Such wasteful ways will always keep us poor;

Apprentices I have seen in other trades,
 Have their meat carved by the mistress or the maid
 Nor did they dare to grumble or complain,
 That this was cut too fat or too lean,
 But eat whate'er the Mistress thought fit,
 And fear'd to frown, or ask for t'other bit.
 But your bold boys regarding not your Wife,
 When call'd to dinner each out draws his knife
 And both, forsooth, set down before the maid:
 Upon the ground-deal whet their Sheffield blades,
 Fall too like plow-man at a country feast,
 And with unhollow'd tongues pick the best,
 One cries out, Hannah, draw me some beer,
 The other, Hussy, bring the mustard here.
 Indeed, my dear, it is a shame to see,
 Apprentices so bold and free,
 Or that at meals such boys should first set down,
 And crow above a maid that's woman grown.

H U S B A N D.

My Boys are good Mens Sons well born and bred,
 They've paid me pounds for learning them their trade,
 Besides, they earn me every day they Dine,
 Not only their own Bread, but yours and mine;
 Yet, I suppose, you would have them made,
 Mere slaves and footboys to your nasty jade,
 To run to the chandlers for mops and brooms,
 And fetch her water when she scrubs her rooms,
 Be her Coal-heaver to preserve her hands,
 And stoop to all her prodigal commands,
 If that's your drift, my parlimonious Dame,
 I shall take care to disappoint you of your Aim.
 No saucy Baggage fondled by a fool
 Shall awe my servants, or my boys controule;
 I'd have you to know, I keep such sluts, as she,
 To wait on them at meals, as well as me,
 I give her yearly wages and you ought,
 To know their work enables them to do't?

By them I live, and thrive, eat, drink and pay,
My golden boys earn money every Day,
Therefore yourself and and servile pufs shall find,
No Lads of mine your female Pride shall mind:
That master sure must be a hen peck'd fool,
Who lets the woman o'er the men bare rule:
'Tis hard that good Men's Sons bound out to trades,
Should be made Lacqueys to our wives and maids:
But in those tradesman's houses twill be so,
Where Men are silent and the Women crow.



The MORAL.

D I A L O G U E

THE prudent Master who allows,
His Servants what is fitting,
Shews by his Conduct that he knows,
Hard work requires good Eating.

The Master seldom thrives in Trade,
Who keep a meaking Table;
Apprentices are thereby made,
Less willing, and less able.

Whilst those that feed 'em with good
By servants are befriended, (fare
Have all their Work dispatch'd with
And in due season ended. [Case

But when that Wife does rule the roost,
Whose temper is perversious,
What she believes she saves is lost,
And only proves injurious.

No Servant in Revenge will waste,
 The food that they're in Love of,
 But into holes will filly cast,
 The meat they don't approve of.

Besides he gains an honest Name,
 Who makes his servants easy;
 If you are kind, they'll be the same
 And strive the more to please ye,

T H E

Dutiful Prentice.

A new Song

A Prentice I was in London city,
 And a sober lad was, I;
 If you'll harken to my duty,
 Then judge if you think I tell a Lie.
 Fal, la, &c.

My master kept me close to my work,
 And told me I must industrious be:
 He charg'd me never idly to lurk,
 And from bad company before to flee.

I promis'd him I would obey,
 In all that he would me command:
 By which I favour gain'd ev'ry day,
 And were as happy as any lad in the
 land.

The satisfaction I had then in view
 Were every day my peace of mind:

And as I expected I found it true,
For my master to me proved kind.

When I had served my apprenticeship out,
My master had no complaint, nor I;
And during all the seven years rout,
From my master's house once did not lie.

I had not long known a journeyman's life,
To make me amends for my fidelity,
When my master gave me his daughter to
wife,

With five hundred pounds as a marriage fee

With this reward how blest was I
A beauty and a fortune too:
For such a master who would not fly?
And to such a wife who would not prove
true.

Thus happy in a marry'd life,
Our days we spend all in delight;
No brawling here approach, nor strife,
But joy and pleasure ev'ry night.

10 JU 52

F I N I S

